



THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Disce quasi semper vietur; vive quasi cras moriturus.

VOL. XVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 23, 1884

No. 24.

[For the *Notre Dame Scholastic*.]

A Comforting Paradox.

You've done your best,—and, still, success.
That *best*, has failed to crown;
Tho' disappointment breed distress,
Yet do not be cast down.

He who succeeds, succeeds to fail
If Heav'n should curse, not bless;
While Man's worst failures sometimes veil
God's most sublime Success.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Washington.*

We stand in the dawn of a new era in American history; and with the breaking of another day have come new traditions, hopes and laws. Between the days before the war and those in which we live there yawns a chasm a century of old-time history could not span. But it behooves us, in the youthful pride of our generation, to remember that there was a day before our own, that the nation was born before it was saved; that, before Lincoln died, Washington lived.

For in every nation there has always been a love and reverence for its early history—as children love to hear an aged grandfather recall the hardy exploits of his youthful days. But this love and reverence of all nations for the past is made the stronger since it can ever cling around some central figure—some hero who can gain but greater glory from the centuries flitting by, some man

“Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet;”

who knew the time to seize in his strong grasp the possibilities of small, decaying States, and from them to bring forth an imperishable empire!

In England we have Alfred, and long before his time, the myth-like Arthur,—

“Self-less man and stainless gentleman.”

In France, the warrior-statesman Charlemagne, whose name and work will endure forever. In

America,—and that, too, but a century ago—brightened by no mythology, celebrated by no bard, in his great simplicity the compeer of either, stands WASHINGTON!

I am well aware that the memory of this great man is not cherished now, as it was before the war; that the men who meant in all sincerity to honor him, because they placed his claim to greatness on a false (and therefore unstable) basis, have made the half-learned doubt his being great at all. And I therefore recognize more clearly our obligation to give to him the honor that is by right his own; to speak to-night of his character rather than his genius; to dwell not so long on his exploits in battle, as on his wisdom at the Council Board.

Were I asked for the first and essential qualification of a great man, I would answer: *adherence to principle*. Many there are who know the right; many, with varying strength, who follow it; 'tis only now and then—from many generations—there arises one to whom the very thought of wrong is all unknown, who, like the stoic Horace, sings:—Neither a frowning tyrant, nor his servile soldiery, nor yet the angry populace, nor Jove thundering in the heavens, can terrify; who, were the whole world to fall in pieces about him, it would find him in the ruins undismayed. Men of this kind are seldom loved, but they always will—they always *must* be respected; no breath of envious malice can ever soil their names. So, while the eulogists of other illustrious men must sometimes pause to utter words of explanation or apology, we who praise the Great American proudly feel that our hero, like Cæsar's wife, stands high above suspicion.

Allied with integrity we always find simplicity; for integrity means but genuineness or truth, and truth is always simple. The successful General in the war for freedom quietly laid down his sword, and with it, as he hoped, all future honor; not as a demagogue, aping the far-fetched frugality of Cincinnatus, but like a gentleman of the modern day, who, having served his country long and well, strives to repair his shattered fortune and retire to the sweet repose and comfort of domestic life. In all his career is to be seen the same simplicity: doing his duty, whatever it chanced to be; asking no sympathy, seeking no praise; willing to act well his part, and then be forgotten. But such a man can never be forgotten; though his very name may perish, his work will still endure.

Let us now glance for a moment at the work of

* Address delivered at the Annual Celebration, Thursday, February 21st, by T. EWING STEELE, '84.

Washington. I prefer to pass over his services in the field; his unquestioning bravery, his tireless energy, his consummate tact, his constant toil and sacrifice, his loyal faith in the final triumph of freedom and the right;—qualities that made a few thousand raw recruits, with all their petty jealousies and hates, scatter the legions of Burgoyne and of Clinton; causing them to rally as one man around their leader for their country's sake.

I prefer to say a few words of simple eulogy on Washington's career as a National Statesman. It has always seemed to me that the crisis through which the nation passed in the Constitutional Convention was as full of danger to its new-born freedom as all the seven years of war-like hostility from the Government of George III; and I think it goes without saying that, in all the thirteen States, there was but the one man whom all parties could accept as the President of the Convention—one man of fairness unimpeachable, who, forgetful of party or section, would, in his own quiet way, still use his great influence for the common good. During all the weary months through which, in doubt and fear, the Constitution was adopted, he only once in public showed his preference for any view; and yet to his patriotic wisdom may be ascribed the chief excellence of the work. For Washington was in favor of a union, not a league; desiring a strong, central government like that we have to-day. Far be it from me to reopen the issues forever settled at Appomattox, but I think that I may truly and safely say that the prosperity of our nation has ever depended upon the preservation of the Union; and not only, then, should honor be given to the men who fought and thought to save it, but also and in even greater measure, to the patriots of the Constituent Assembly, who, forgetting all party pride and honorable provincialism, knit the many States together in mutual love and sacred honor. Nor did Washington's giant-labor for this great idea end with his service in the Constitutional Convention. The sacred purpose was ever foremost in his eight years' service as Chief Executive of the nation; and was, moreover, touchingly referred to in his Farewell Address.

It had been my purpose to speak briefly of his *Presidential* service, to show how he had ever garnered the resources of the growing nation, and made them greater day by day; to show how every personal feeling gave way to self-less patriotism; to show that when men like Jefferson, carried away by generous feeling, forgot all prudence, he still retained it,—laying down wise precedents gladly followed by all succeeding generations. But I fear I have already occupied too much of your attention, speaking—as I know I have spoken—only what you yourselves already feel. And, in conclusion, I sincerely join with you in hoping that this day may soon come to be more generally observed throughout the land; that Americans may learn to look lovingly back to the earlier, purer days of the Republic, when there was something better than money, something higher than material success,—and that, by studying the sublimely simple character we honor here to-night, they

themselves may not only admire but faithfully imitate the grand hero, whose priceless worth in war and peace have enthroned him for all generations first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Angelo's Answer.

“ What, I, to whom the mighty God hath given
The vast sublimities of death and pain,
Descend to loiter on the blooming plain,
This way and that by aimless fancy driven?
Nay, if it happened that this heart was riven
By softer longing, it can all contain
And leave less souls to mourn for loves in vain.
The swift immortal gods with me have striven
In the dim tumult of Creation's morn,
And my works are my children, making me
A breathing presence unto men unborn.
For he who seeks the prize of victory
Must follow up the lofty path she goes
Among the splendors of the Alpine snows.”

MARION MUIR.

—*Denver Inter-Ocean.*

Martin Luther.

In the life of Luther we find three distinct periods—as a Catholic, Protestant, and so-called Reformer. He was a Catholic until he nailed his protest—a challenge to the Papacy, consisting of ninety-five theses—on the doors of Wittenburg church; a Protestant until 1530; from this time to the year of his death we know him as the “Reformer.”

Protestants do not deny that Jesus Christ established the Catholic Church; they do not hesitate to say that in its “ primitive purity” it was the true religion; but they assert that abuses and corruptions crept in until a reform was necessary—inevitable.

No one will attempt to deny the terrible corruption of the people at the time in which Luther lived. Luther himself is an example. We go farther, and grant that a reform was necessary; but in so doing we must distinguish between the human and divine element of the Church. History convinces us that on the human side a change was necessary; and we know that on this side the Church is always subject to change. Pius IV, at the Council of Trent, held in 1545,—we may remark, during the time of the Reformation—tells us emphatically the correction of morals is one of the objects for which they had assembled. But in its divine element or doctrinal side there can be no reformation, no change. Because doctrine cannot, by virtue of Christ's promise, be subject to any change whatsoever. When God founded His Church it became, as it were, a part of Himself, and to assert, as did Luther and his associate reformers, that He afterwards allowed it to degenerate and become corrupt, is the same as asserting that God is changeable and that He can become corrupt.

Luther claimed to reform certain portions of the

Catholic religion. Now, these particular articles, if they were doctrines of the Church, were and must of necessity be perfect, as they came direct from God. And to change them would be offering a direct insult to the Divine Being. If, on the other hand, they were not instituted by Christ, they were not, then, doctrines of the Church, and consequently no reformation could have taken place.

At the time of the Reformation—as was plain to be seen—the Government of Germany evinced no disposition to adhere longer to the authority of Rome. Her influence had ceased. The bishops and clergy were compelled to submit to the will of state officials. Wars, the depravity of courts, the disorder and corruption of the clergy; in fact, the social condition of society in general, paved the way for a great change. The whole people were in a dreadful state of fevered excitement. The printing press, instituted shortly before this time, offered an easy means of spreading rapidly the feelings, and was taken advantage of, for the propagation of the errors of one nation among the people of another. But a spark was needed to start the conflagration, and it soon came.

Leo X had granted a Jubilee, and privileged Father John Tetzel, a Dominican Friar and distinguished theologian, to the right of preaching in Germany. At this, Luther, a member of the Augustinian Order,—at that time a rival of the Dominicans—found cause to take offence. He considered his Order insulted, his pride was wounded.

The pagan revival began with Martin Luther—ex-Catholic priest—as its leader. He began his attacks by preaching against indulgences, confession, and contrition. He denied that satisfaction is part of the Sacrament of Penance. Moreover, he denied that indulgences benefit the soul of man, or that they could in any way relieve the souls in purgatory.

These attacks consisted in bombastic speech and violent declamation, but they pleased, and were accepted by the secular rulers, who applauded his efforts against the Church. To fascinate and gain followers he advanced the doctrine that Faith, independent of good works, was alone necessary for salvation. It was his object to attract the masses, and, succeeding in this, he attacked dogma after dogma, and finally discarded all Christian doctrines. He was satisfied with pulling down so much, and it was now his object to reconstruct. In this he failed utterly. Protestantism of to-day is a living proof of his failure. It was impossible for a man so wanting in a solid foundation, so changeable that he himself could not adhere to-day to the creed he had advanced yesterday. What he said one day he unsaid or contradicted the day following. Luther declared himself to be the reformer of the old creed,—we rather take him to be the preacher of a new gospel. But in either case his pretensions must undergo examination and be submitted to the test; we require some other warrant than his own fancy to believe that God appointed him to remodel the old or to establish a new creed. There are certain standards to which all reformers or evangelists are required to be submitted.

These are: 1st, they must be able to prove their mission; 2d, they must be consistent; 3d, it is required that they be men of very eminent sanctity.

Judged from this position, Martin Luther is the most stupendous of all impostors, the most diabolical enemy of the Catholic Church. Did Luther prove that God sent him to perform the work which he undertook to accomplish? A sect of his own creed demanded a miracle of him. He confessed he never performed a miracle “except to slap the devil in the face and strike the Papacy in the core.” Erasmus, in his usual sarcastic way, tells us the reformers could not “even cure a lame horse.”

Was Luther consistent? He repeatedly contradicted his own teachings. At the present day his ninety-five theses are brought forward as learned objections against Catholic doctrine. All of them treat of indulgences, some of which are nothing more than satirical remarks intended for the Pope. They have been repeatedly answered by different theologians, and their inconsistency in more cases than one, exposed.

Was he a man of sanctity? Instead of laboring to make people purer, more devout and honest, he lowered the standard of morality and left men more degraded, after setting forth his infamous doctrine, than they were before. Under an act of his new religion, he allowed the Landgrave of Hesse to become a bigamist. His utterances are a shame to human nature. He looked upon “woman and wine” as the great sources of man’s consolation for the heartaches met with in this world. His beastly lusts were terrible in the extreme; having broken his vow of chastity, he threw aside the purity of his monastic life, and his career afterwards was one of hypocrisy, blasphemy and gluttony. His book, entitled “Table Talk,” is said to rank with the most obscene books in all literature. Herein he gives no limit to the grossness of his debased mind.

Intelligent Protestants surely know this; yet why it is they persist in upholding Luther as the figure head, the boast of their religion, is not easily understood. Possibly we could excuse Protestants offering him a kind of hero-worship, from the fact that he was instrumental in leading so great a number of Catholics from the religion of their ancestors, and was their commander in heaping contempt and odium upon everything that for centuries before had been considered sacred. But in their extravagant eulogiums on this “great and good man” their feelings partake of the spirit of old, and in their extreme hatred of everything pertaining to Catholicity, Luther receives the benefits of their enthusiastic dislike, and is praised accordingly.

C. A. TINLEY, '84.

THE high-school girl severely reprimanded her brother for using the phrase “Not to be sneezed at.” She says he ought to say “Occasioning no sternutatory convulsions.”

Action Upon the Senses.

It is not the purpose in the present article to attempt to explain the union of soul and body, nor to account for the communication existing between them; but merely to account for the physical operations of the organs of sense, tracing them to the brain.

Although we commonly speak of the *five* senses, it is probable that the mind becomes cognizant of all exterior phenomena, through the material agency of the organ of touch alone; in other words, the phenomena are communicated to the brain by a molecular motion.

Before proceeding further it will be necessary, perhaps, to state, that light and sound, according to the most recent discoveries, are simple vibrations:—the vibrations of sound taking place in any medium, and those of light in *ether*, a substance pervading all space; color depending on the rapidity of vibration, and intensity on the amplitude. Now, these vibrations are waves, generated by motion, consisting in motion, and perceived through the motion they impart to the molecules of the nerves and brain. Heat is also considered a molecular motion, though of a slightly different character.

Examining the eye, we notice in the formation of the retina, a peculiar delicacy of structure; little needle-like processes, with innumerable minute nerve-fibres, cover the surface; to these nerves is communicated the vibration, and we perceive the object from which the vibrations proceed.

That sound is motion, has long been an admitted fact. This motion is communicated to the tympanum, and thence, through three small bones, to the labyrinth of the ear, where a fluid is set in motion, acting on nerves which convey the impression to the brain.

The perception of taste and smell is also through a molecular motion. In taste, the food touches delicate nerve *termini*, situated in the papillæ of the tongue, and produces, by its specific properties, a motion peculiar to itself, in these papillæ and nerves. In smell, the process is essentially the same, but the particles entering the nose are indefinitely small.

The perception of touch is merely through a molecular disturbance, caused by the proximity of an object.

The "wave theory" of light is now almost universally adopted, and (the same assertion would hold good, however, in the case of the "emission theory") it may be said that the agent of the mind in the perception of light—for in this sight consists—is this molecular motion. Further, it might be said that the eye, in itself, offers excellent proof of the "wave theory."

Now, having shown that, whatever is perceived through the organs of the senses, is perceived through a molecular motion produced in the brain; knowing it to be probable that two of what were formerly considered the "imponderable bodies" are merely a peculiar molecular motion; and considering the connection of light, heat and electricity, is it not

reasonable to conclude that all electrical phenomena may also be explained as being only a certain molecular motion? If not, we must certainly distinguish a separate sense for their perception.

Besides, there are many interesting experiments tending to show the probability of this supposition; but as this is not a treatise on electricity, I will merely assert that, in order to be perceived through our organs of sense, electricity must be simply a molecular disturbance; for, what is perceived through these organs, must be perceived by this principle.

W. H. J.

Art, Music, and Literature.

—The Bohemian composer, Anton Dvorzak, is going to London in the spring, where he will direct the execution of his "*Stabat Mater*."

—Rev. Father Ryan has been invited to write an ode to be read at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Maryland, March 25.

—It is said that the memoirs of Heinrich Heine have just been discovered. The manuscript had, it appears, been confided to his friend M. Julia, who was at one time Prefect of the Basses-Alpes. The memoirs consist of about two hundred pages of manuscript.

—A new Russian version of "Hamlet" has recently been published at St. Petersburg. The translator, A. A. Sokolevsky, says in his preface that he has made it "the business of his life" to render Shakspeare into Russian, and he has already translated twelve of his plays.

—A tragedy by the Italian poet Leopardi has recently been found, which the pessimist had written at the early age of 14. The manuscript is at present in the hands of M. Alessandro Avoil. It is entitled "Pompeius," and will shortly appear in print. The work is said to contain passages which already show the development of great poetic power.

—In an old curiosity shop in Berlin there is at the present time a harp richly inlaid with ivory which formerly belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette. Fleury, her Majesty's *valet de chambre*, fled to Germany when troubles broke out in Paris and took the harp as a souvenir of his royal mistress. Want of money, however, induced him to sell it to a lady in Brunswick, and since then it has several times changed hands.

—The editor of the Concord *Sun*, published in Contra Costa County, California, vaunts himself as follows: "Much as the 'funny men' have to say in an ironical way about editors' diamonds, and so forth, there really are some very wealthy newspaper men. J. Gordon Bennett has two yachts and the same number of four-in-hands. Charles A. Dana can afford a Pullman car for his own especial use. Bonner owns 170 horses, and I myself—though this is strictly confidential—intend to re-shingle my woodshed before long."

—The touching persistence with which the late J. R. Green, the historian, labored in his last days upon his book, "The Conquest of England," is chronicled by his widow. "The pages," she writes, "which now close it, were the last words ever written by his hand. 'I have work to do that I know is good,' he said, when he heard that he had only a few days to live; 'I will try to win but one week more to write some part of it down.' As death drew near, he said, for the first time, 'Now I am weary; I can work no more.'"

—It is reported that a collection of eighty-eight drawings by the great painter, Greuze, has just been discovered in the library of the Academy of St. Petersburg. They appear to have been purchased by Count Strogonoff when he was President of the Academy of Fine Arts, and remained there seventy years, completely forgotten. The Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch, who now occupies that post, has given from his private purse a sufficient sum to permit the illustrated journals to reproduce them by photography.

—M. Bartholdi says that his already famous statue will be completed within a year. But little remains to be done on the trunk, though a portion of the right arm that supports the torch yet requires a large amount of labor. The weight will be four hundred and forty tons. Before the statue can be shipped it will have to be cut into some three hundred pieces. It is M. Bartholdi's present intention to accompany the statue on its trip to this country, and personally superintend the adjustment and final mounting of the figure on its base.

—Wilkie Collins, when working regularly, writes about 1,200 words a day, covering with them three large pages of letter-paper. He writes slowly and cuts and scratches, and re-writes and interlines, and adds sentences in the margin, and sprinkles blots everywhere, until the manuscript looks like a Chinese puzzle in a nightmare. Nearing the end of the book he gets excited and scribbles away like a madman, writing for twelve or fourteen hours on a stretch without stopping, save now and then to jump around on the floor and act out the situations.

—The position heretofore unique of Cardinal Mezzofanti amongst linguists, says the *Moscow Journal*, is likely to be filled by a young Russian officer, who, at the age of twenty-six years, is a perfect master of French, German, English, Danish, Swedish, Italian, Polish, Finnish, Servian, Czech, Japanese, Chinese, and Malayan. Besides these languages, he knows three different dialects of Japanese, one of southern Africa, two of China, and he is now occupied in the study of Hebrew. Mr. Pacovitch has learned these languages, with the exception of the French, English and German, by himself, and by a method of his own invention. Cardinal Mezzofanti lived to the age of seventy-five, and before his death spoke fifty-eight languages.

—In Prof. Carl Deepler's (sen.) atelier in Berlin two large canvases are fast approaching completion. They are the first of a series of five or six vast

decorative compositions, intended to symbolize the five Continents, the chief figure in each being a characteristic and ideal female one, around which the respective attributes are artistically grouped. "Europe" is nearly finished, and "America" rapidly advancing. The last-named is said to be the more effective of the two. The figure personifying the New World is in sitting posture, holding the trident in one hand, and resting the other on the banner of the stars and stripes; the Capitol, the sea in the distance covered with sailing vessels and steamers, the outlines, beauty, and expression of the chief figure, also the rich coloring of fruits, etc., are said to form a most striking and grandiose *ensemble*. It is to be hoped, say the critics, that the artist may be encouraged to complete the series.

—When the body of Col. Charles Fisher was brought home from the battlefield of Manassas, says the Salisbury correspondent of the *Raleigh (N. C.) Chronicle*, his sister, Miss Christine Fisher, forbade anyone entering the room where he lay until she had finished a portrait of him. Then when he was buried she made herself a mother to his children. She is a devout Roman Catholic and a recluse. But for the care of her brother's children she would have taken the veil. The children were Miss Frances Fisher, and Mr. Fred and Miss Annie,—the latter being twins. Miss Frances Fisher became "Christian Reid," and war, which wrought her irreparable loss, brought us our chief literary renown. . . . Miss Fisher herself lives an almost retired life, not from inclination so much as because she is very busy. During these years since she began to write fiction she has been as industrious as the busiest man in North Carolina. The work has not been a recreation, but a creation, and therefore hard and continuous labor. The people of Salisbury, without reference to creed, not only esteem her highly, but even regard her with a sort of homage. "Bless your life," said a gentleman to me, "there isn't a man in Salisbury who would not pull off his best coat for Miss Fanny Fisher to walk on, and wish it were made of better cloth to be so honored."

Books and Periodicals.

—Among the interesting articles in *Donahoe's Magazine* for March are: "An Answer to the St. Patrick Myth"; "The Novelists of Spain"; "Ireland and the Tory Party"; "Cromwell in Ireland."

—Reputation with posterity has ever been esteemed one of the most powerful incentives to deeds of heroism; and one modern school of philosophy recognizes as the only true immortality of man, the enduring beneficent influence of his virtuous actions. If, however, the fabric of our civilization were seen to be tottering, it is plain that this particular stimulus to virtue would fail. But "Is our Civilization Perishable?" The question is asked in the *North American Review* for March by Judge J. A. Jameson, who considers the several

agencies by which the overthrow of the existing civilization might be effected. In the same number of the *Review* there is an article of extraordinary interest on "Agricultural Politics in England," by William E. Bear, editor of the *Mark Lane Express*. "A Defenseless Sea-Board," by Gen. H. A. Smalley, is a description of the unprotected condition of the harbors and coast cities of the United States; and though the author employs none of the arts of the rhetorician, his statement cannot fail to awaken the people of this country to the importance of being in peace prepared for war. "Neither Genius nor Martyr" is the judgment pronounced upon the wife of Carlyle by Alice Hyneman Rhine, whose contribution to the Carlyle controversy is characterized by much force. In "The Story of a Nomination" W. O. Stoddard recounts the hitherto unpublished history of the means by which the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for a second presidential term was brought about. Other articles are: "Literary Resurrectionists," by Charles T. Congdon; "How to Improve the Mississippi," by Robert S. Taylor; and "The Constitutionality of Repudiation," by D. H. Chamberlain and John S. Wise. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

—The *Catholic World* for March has been received and is an excellent number. The opening article, by Rev. A. F. Hewit, on "Some Aspects of the Law of Marriage" is a learned paper called forth by the recent and widely circulated remarks of Judge Barrett, of the Supreme Court of New York, deplored the evils of divorce laws, and suggesting some remedies. Father Hewit considers the propositions advanced by the distinguished jurist, and shows that the Civil Law can furnish no remedy. Civil legislation in regard to marriage and divorce must depend upon a common consent of the community respecting these matters, "so that the law would only reflect and sanction the dictates of the common conscience." The learned writer says, further:

"In a political community where diverse religions divide a multitude of the people, and another multitude has no religion whatever, common consent in regard to these matters is not to be thought of. Where all who do not violate the law of the land stand before it on an equal footing, legislators cannot make the revealed law of God, which is, in the eye of the law of the land, an unknown quantity, explicitly and professedly the rule of their legislation. They must fall back on the natural law. Now, although there is such a science as Natural Theology, although there is a Rational Ethical Science, there is such a thing as natural religion and natural morality, yet this entire rational and practical system of philosophy, even in its best and most perfect form, never has sufficed and never can suffice as the spirit and the life-giving force of the body of human society. Practically and in the concrete, morality subsists by inference in religion, and religion subsists, not as a mere philosophy, but in virtue of a claim to be of divine institution, and as such believed in and reverenced. That common fund of morality, what may be called the universal conscience, which is the vital principle of our social and political organization, the 'spirit' of our laws, and in particular of the law of monogamy, is derived from the Christian religion. It is that part of the complete Christian order of old, Catholic Christendom which we have received and inherited, and still possess, from our Christian ancestors. Whatever living warmth and power it still retains come from the religious and Christian beliefs,

convictions, sentiments, customs, and practical habits of life which survive in a multitude of individuals sufficiently large to give tone to the general community. This is the traditional element, the principle of continuity and stability, in the social and political body. Civil legislation and statutes are merely a kind of mechanism serving a useful purpose in the living, organic society when they are in harmony with and proportioned to its present actual intentions and volitions. So far as these common intentions and volitions are regulated by respect for the religious and moral sacredness of marriage, thus far the civil law can give protection to the civil rights and redress to the civil wrongs which arise out of the marriage-contract."

It is then shown that the religious and moral force necessary to prevent the evils existing can be found only in a return to the doctrine of the absolute indissolubility of marriage by a positive, divine law, or, in a word, that the Catholic Church, which has "the true remedies for every moral evil," has alone the remedies "for those which spring from the corruption of the genuine doctrine of the Sacrament of Marriage." Space will not permit us to notice the other articles, but each in its treatment of its particular subject is able and interesting, and merits reading. This remark may be applied especially to the papers on "Thomistic-Rosminian Emersonianism" from the pen of Very Rev. I. T. Hecker, and "The Wisdom and Truth of Wordsworth's Poetry," by Aubrey de Vere.

College Gossip.

—The late M. Hallgarten, of New York, bequeathed \$50,000 to Dartmouth College. It was an unconditional gift.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, has given a gold medal to Niagara University for the most distinguished scholar in Church History and Scripture Hermeneutics.

—The Yale College Faculty has declared that hereafter when Juniors or Sophomores injure Freshmen, the guilty parties shall be punished just as if they had injured human beings.—*Ex.*

—A bill has been introduced at Albany by Isaac L. Hunt, an assemblyman of Jefferson County, providing that physiology and hygiene shall be added to the studies in the public schools of the State.

—A chair of Philosophy, according to the method of St. Thomas, has been erected at the Vienna University. The first incumbent is Rev. Dr. Mueller, extraordinary Professor.—*Catholic Herald.*

—Senator Bayard seems to be deluged with honors, as Yale, Harvard and Dartmouth have conferred LL. D. upon him.—*University Press.*

It would be hard to out-law Senator Bayard. College honors sit lightly on him.

—The President of Tufts College states that while public opinion appears to be towards co-education, it is found inadvisable to admit women. A special endowment for the divinity school is asked. It is now dependent upon the college funds.

—A suit involving millions of dollars has been begun in New York by Mrs. Pauline A. Durant

against the trustees of Wellesley Female College and others. It is to recover property bequeathed by her husband, Henry F. Durant, to this institution and other persons.

—Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, joined the Cambridge University last week. He has rooms in Trinity College, and will be treated as an ordinary undergraduate; but he will be allowed to keep his hat on when people sing "God save" his grandmother.—*Ex.*

—A student of Wesleyan—with whose team the Rugby of the U. of M. lately played and were worsted—acknowledged to a student of the University of Michigan that the latter's Rugby team lost because they played "*too honest a game!*" If that be the case the honors of the Eastern college team are empty ones.

—Professor Edgar S. Shumway, late of the New York Normal School at Potsdam, has accepted the position of associate Professor of Latin in Rutgers College, New Jersey. He is director of the Latin department of the Chautauqua course of study, and editor of the *Latine*, a monthly magazine in Latin, now published by D. Appleton & Co.

—The University of Texas opened last month. The buildings are magnificent and spacious. It will be co-educational. It has an endowment of nearly \$6,000,000, and a million acres of land. It is to be a jewel of learning to the South. Having the most means, it has drawn some of the most distinguished Professors from a many other colleges.

—Professor Peters, of Hamilton College, who is abroad investigating the star catalogue of Ptolemy with a view to an accurate edition, has been fortunate in finding, both at Venice and at Florence, several MSS. (Greek, Arabic and Latin) of the "Almagest," hitherto not utilized by modern scholars. He is now engaged in a prolonged research in the Vatican Library.

—Cornell University has ordered a mummy from Thebes. The mummy was once a Mr. Penpi, who was buried during the twenty-third dynasty in the Necropolis. What there is left of the gentleman is covered over with symbols and hieroglyphics to such an extent that Cornell is certain it has secured a person who must have been of great consequence in his day, though of little use now except for old junk.—*Ex.*

—The University of Michigan has finally yielded to what the *Argonaut* terms "the incomprehensible jug-headedness" of the citizens of Ann Arbor by sacrificing the standard time. The University has been running on the standard, the city on the old time, creating annoyance and confusion among the students. Although the city is only the tail end of the kite, the latter wouldn't work well without the caudal appendage.

—The students of Pennsylvania have issued a general challenge to all the leading colleges of the country for an eight-oared race, and threaten in the same circular to claim the college championship of eight-oared crews if the challenge is not accepted within sixty days. Since few colleges support an

eight-oared crew, and since Pennsylvania has never been unusually prominent as a victor, her cheeky challenge is received with laughter.—*Ex.*

—The College of the Propaganda, at Rome, finding its means of action and influence liable to be crippled by the decisions of the Italian courts, has determined to remove its financial base of operations from Rome to London, Paris, Vienna, New York, Bombay, and Sydney. The Archbishop in each of these cities will be delegated to receive the subscriptions which were hitherto sent directly to the Propaganda treasury, and to apply them to the work of the church in their own countries. The administration of the Propaganda will remain in Rome.

—Many of the Roman Catholic laity are chafing under the disabilities under which they are now placed. They cannot send their sons to Oxford or to Cambridge, at all events, without incurring ecclesiastical displeasure, and just now they are asking very strongly the reason why. The echoes of these complaints have reached the Papal Court, and as Cardinal Manning is still unrelenting, he goes to Rome to place his views of the subject before his superiors. There is a general impression that he will not prevail and that the establishment of a Roman Catholic College at Oxford is a matter of months rather than years.—*Ex.*

—We commend to the tender care of the I. P. A. Bureau the venerable, superannuated item about William and Mary College having closed its doors. That event—now chronicled as a piece of *fresh* news, and for months past handed around from one college paper to another—happened some years ago, and the item has been buried and resurrected over and over again. We have no doubt that many superannuated items of a similar character need looking after. Wandering about in their dotage, without visible means of support, they were probably taken in and done for by the college papers through charity. If the I. P. A. Bureau wishes to immortalize itself it can do so by passing around the hat and building an Asylum for Superannuated Items and Venerable Almanac Jokes dressed in cast-off college habiliments.

—During the past year the Professor of Aesthetics in the University of Munich, a proverbially wearisome writer, delivered his lectures to a somewhat exiguous audience. There were five students in all, who week by week melted and grew beautifully less, until at last but one was left. This solitary individual, however, seemed to concentrate in his own person all the diligence, application, and punctuality of his frivolous fellows. At the conclusion of the last lecture of the course the Professor approached him and praised him for these admirable qualities, and proceeded to inquire of him: "What is your name, my young friend?" No answer. "What country are you from?" Absolute silence. The matter was soon elucidated, for it was discovered that the patient and persevering disciple was a poor deaf mute, who had taken refuge from the severe cold of winter in the warm lecture rooms of the University.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, February 23, 1884.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the SEVENTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class, and by their general good conduct.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Our Staff.

T. EWING STEELE, '84.	
W. H. BAILEY, '84.	ELMER A. OTIS, '84.
C. A. TINLEY, '84.	J. A. MCINTYRE, '84.
JAMES SOLON, '84.	W. H. JOHNSTON, '85.
C. F. PORTER, '85.	

A touching appeal appears in this week's issue of the *Freeman's Journal* in behalf of an old friend of mine—the zealous and worthy Father Audran—and his congregation of sufferers by the late floods. I desire that the offerings of Notre Dame be sent chiefly to him at Jeffersonville, Ind.

E. SORIN, C. S. C.

—We are pleased to announce that the Right Rev. J. L. Spaulding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill., will lecture before the students on Thursday, March 6th. The subject is not yet made known, but those who have heard or read his eloquent Commencement Day Oration in June, '80, and others who have learned from his writings and discourses his noble efforts in the cause of education and Religion will be assured that the learned prelate will impart instruction and information to his hearers.

—Very Rev. Father Sorin last week sent a telegram and a letter to the Hon. W. H. Calkins, member of Congress from this district, urging him to try his best to obtain \$1,000,000, at least, for

the victims of the flood. Mr. Calkins's reply does him much honor, and will serve too well the cause, if published, to keep it from the public. While it sets the example Father Sorin wanted, it will encourage all who can help to do so to the best of their power.

COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS,
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 20, 1884.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER:

Your telegram, likewise your good letter, found me on my return to the Capital, and which should otherwise have been more promptly answered. We have authorized the Secretary of War to expend any sum necessary for the relief of the sufferers by the recent unprecedented floods. We will not higgle an instant over the sum. I am glad to acknowledge your generous suggestions. They come from a heart which I know to be as broad as the earth, and bear testimony to your goodness and greatness. I have taken the opportunity to spread them before our committee, and each member warmly responds to your suggestions.

Believe me, my good friend, yours as ever,

W. H. CALKINS.

FATHER GEN'L SORIN.

The Thespians.

One of the brightest of the bright days at Notre Dame during the scholastic year is the 22d of February—the anniversary of the birth of Washington. It is to us what the 4th of July is to the remaining portion of our fellow-citizens, and we believe that in no part of the United States is the memory of the sage of Mount Vernon honored with the sincere homage of more grateful hearts. It seems as though with the return of his natal day the fires of patriotism are rekindled in the hearts of all here, and burn with a brighter glow.

This year Notre Dame was not backward in celebrating the day, though, because of an immemorial custom, the Annual Entertainment was given on the evening of the 21st. The Thespians, as is their right, gave the entertainment; and this fact, together with the knowledge that Notre Dame never allows the day to pass without an excellent entertainment, brought a large number of people from South Bend, Niles, Laporte, Mishawaka, and other cities of the neighborhood, to witness the exercises. And not only from these cities did the visitors come: Chicago, Cleveland, and other cities were not without representatives. The weather was all that could be desired, and, taking advantage of it, people came in such crowds that the hall began to fill long before the hour announced for the opening of the entertainment, and by seven o'clock there was hardly any sitting room. The programme followed will be found in our "Local" columns.

The exercises opened with a medley of "National Airs," performed by the Band with spirit, and received with great applause. After some time—which appeared to us unnecessarily long—spent in tuning their instruments, the Orchestra rendered an overture, "Roman Emperor." The manner in which this piece was performed reflected the greatest credit upon the organization. It was

given with all the skill and accuracy and attention to expression that could be desired, and was highly applauded. A song and chorus was marked as the next number on the programme: the song was given,—a trio, which was sung passably well—but where was the chorus? It was *non est*; for what reason we do not know. We may say right here that it is to be regretted that before the large and intelligent audience which assembled on this occasion, our many vocalists did not appear, and a more creditable showing made of the resources of our Vocal Department.

Mr. T. Ewing Steele, of Lancaster, the orator of the evening, appeared next and delivered an address which was in every respect worthy of the speaker, the audience and the day. It appears in this issue, and we commend its reading. Mr. W. H. Bailey delivered an address and prologue, after which the Orchestra rendered a *Potpourri*, by Suppe. With this concluded the first part of the entertainment.

The second part constituted the great feature of the evening, and consisted in the presentation of the Historical Drama,

LOUIS XI,

which was on this occasion performed for the first time at Notre Dame. Mr. Bailey in his address gave an outline of the play which we reproduce here:

"The play which we have chosen for this evening is the historical drama of Louis XI. The scene of the play is laid in the 15th century, in sunny France, at the royal palace of Pells de Tours. Louis is fast approaching his end. The seal of death is already on his brow, but he still imagines that he has yet many years to live. His foolish joy, when in the second act the peasant lad tells him he shall surely live a century, is pitiable to behold when one sees the feeble and emaciated body which his weak strength can scarce sustain.

"Jealous of everyone, and chiefly of his own son, he keeps himself shut up in his castle—surrounded by his Scotch mercenaries—and continually begs his physicians to prolong his life. Bodily health and terrestrial felicity seem to be his only objects.

"Hearing rumors of the miracles performed by the holy man François de Paul, he sends for him, foolishly thinking that he can grant him additional years of life.

"The Duke de Nemours gains admittance to the castle; is discovered and cast into a dungeon. Through the aid of Coitiers, the king's physician, he escapes and confronts the king alone in the royal chamber. With uplifted dagger he is about to take the life of Louis, but on second thought spares him: telling him to suffer on, or, living, die.

"Nemours is recaptured and once more consigned to his dungeon cell. The king orders him to be hanged on the morrow. The morrow dawns—it is the memorable 30th of Aug., 1485. It is the last day that Louis will ever behold the rising sun as it gilds his castle's dome. Thinking himself as strong and well as ever, he assembles his courtiers to hold a levee. But his strength is not able for the task. His physician tells him it is his last day. He does not at first believe it, but is finally convinced. Then his anger bursts forth, and he orders Nemours to be hanged on the instant. But through the intercession of François de Paul Nemours is pardoned. And thus, in the last moment of his life, Louis performs his first act of mercy."

Mr. C. A. Tinley appeared in the title rôle and represented to perfection the old decrepit monarch, portraying with fidelity the selfish, superstitious and tyrannical character Louis XI is said to be. The success of Mr. Tinley's rendition could not be better illustrated than by the wrapt and close atten-

tion with which his every movement, voice and action were followed by the audience. The ungainly figure and shambling movement of the man would in itself have been ludicrous, had not the splendid action caused the auditor to feel the realism and individuality of the character. The part was well sustained throughout. The rôle next in importance, that of "Duke de Nemours," was taken by Mr. Otis Spencer, who read his lines with great force and power. Barring a deficiency in gesticulation, which we believe was due to the weight of his costume, he was very effective, especially in the encounter with the king in the latter's bed-chamber. In this scene both characters presented, it is said, the finest piece of realism and climax witnessed upon the stage at Notre Dame for many years. Mr. W. E. Ramsay as "Armand de Comines," rendered his part with fidelity and spirit; his fine modulation of voice and appropriate gesture, made the rendition perfect. Mr. E. A. Otis as "François de Paul," as befitting the character, was solemn and dignified, and with good voice gave a naturalness to his acting which left nothing to be desired. Mr. J. Solon took the part of "Philip le Comines," and was very effective. H. Foote as "The Dauphin," was lively and natural; W. Johnston as "Jacques Coitier," H. Steis as "Tristan L'Ermite," D. Saviers as "Oliver de Dain," A. A. Brown as "Pierrot," W. H. Bailey as "Marcel," S. Dickerson as "Count de Dreux," acted well and added not a little to the interest and success of the performance.

The play was superbly mounted, the costumes were appropriate and splendid, the scenery new and brilliant, and all the accessories such as to ensure a successful performance.

The unanimous verdict of the audience was that the exhibition was a grand, complete success, and reflected the highest credit upon the Thespians and their worthy Director, Prof. J. A. Lyons.

At the close, President Walsh arose and introduced the Hon. Aaron Jones, of South Bend, who briefly complimented the performers, and congratulated the officers and Faculty upon the great success with which Notre Dame is following its career.

M.

Exchanges.

—*The Dickinson Liberal* has just flown down to our sanctum, asking for an exchange. It seems to be a very good paper, and we sincerely hope our relations with it may always be cordial!

—*The Chronicle*, from Michigan University, resembles a great many exchanges in not being very good, nor yet very bad; but on account of its excessive number of "personals," "locals," etc., it could be of no possible interest to one away from Ann Arbor.

—*The Xavier*, from St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, is perhaps the most cultured of all our exchanges. The various articles on Humorous, Philosophical, and Descriptive Literature show deep reading and ripened thought. While, of course, we ever strive to do full justice to all, it

gives us especial pleasure to notice so favorably a Catholic exchange.

—*The Boston College Stylus* for January is a vast improvement on all the preceding numbers. The opening poem, by Mr. T. W. Coakley, is a beautiful tribute to a departed friend; though deprived of much simple pathos by an attempt at the archaic. The gem of the paper, however, is a highly dramatic tale, something after the manner of Edgar A. Poe. We need only remark that *Prof. Krissari* is prominently mentioned to give the students of '83 a clew to its authorship.

—*The College Rambler* from Jacksonville, Illinois, contains an excellent article on the threadbare subject of "Greek and Latin or a Classical Course." It is, as we say, an *excellent article*; but, after all, "Alumnus," whoever you are, remember that some things, however deeply felt, can never be *demonstrated*.

—Speaking of Illinois, what on earth has become of the *Illini*? If we are to place any trust in our own experience and the testimony of several exchanges it has already become the Charley Ross of College Journalism. Really, the times are becoming too bad, when the police take no action against the kidnappers. Of course the *Index* will go next,—perhaps be *dynamited*. Let all Exchange-editors raise a purse and hunt up the missing brother; for our part, we will chip in any thing from a collar-button, up. Next!

—*The Phoenix*, from Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, joins in the universal complaint that the students will not write for their paper. For our part, we have reason to doubt whether the ten editors and editresses are in any serious need of assistance from the students who elected them. Be this as it may, they felt justified in offering a ten-dollar prize for an essay; and are reasonably disappointed at the little interest it excited. As for the successful production, it is sufficient to say that it bears a striking resemblance to that celebrated declamation entitled "Spartacus' Address to the Gladiators." The remainder of the paper is principally taken up by the description of a late visit from Mr. Matthew Arnold, and a lengthy synopsis of his excellent lecture.

—*The University Cynic*, from Vermont University, has just come to hand and is up to its usual high standard. The opening poem is entitled "The Medical Student's Valentine;" the first and last verses running thus:

"Thou dulcet one, whose charms divine
No poet's praise may flatter,
Thine image is impressed on my
Medulla Oblongata.

"Now, when my friends throng around my clay
Do thou, fair tyrant, tell them
For love of me this learned man
Blew out his cerebellum."

The remainder of the paper is very good; but, so far as we can see, in no respect *cynical*.

—Nothing but locals is a criticism that, at first sight, might be passed on the *Cornell Era* for February 8th. But on looking over its columns one

cannot but be impressed by the sterling good sense of its editors. Anent a disagreeable practice, not unknown at Notre Dame, the *Era* says:

"Is it proper to smoke in the Gymnasium? The majority of students are smokers, but even those who smoke generally prefer to exercise in fresh air. No person has a right to make you breathe his smoke if it is contrary to your wishes. There are plenty of places where one is free to fumigate to his heart's content, but the Gymnasium should be sacred to fresh air."

We take, of course, but a sentence here and there from a half-column of a sensible, well-written editorial. In another part of the paper we learn that a Dr. Hitchcock has been appointed Professor of Physical Culture, and will enter upon his peculiar duties at once. May we ask why Cornell has overlooked the eminent qualification of Mr. Jno. L. Sullivan?

—*The Hesperian Student*, from the University of Nebraska, though usually a good enough paper, contains in the current issue one of the most remarkable productions we have ever seen published. As every line commences with a capital letter, we are forced to believe it is an attempt at a *poem*; its title is "Garfield," and its authorship hidden behind a *nom de guerre*. It opens thus:

"Flashing over the wires in *letters of flame* (!)
The terrible news from Washington came:
Telling us Garfield was *lying low*—
Cut down in his prime by a murderer's *blow* (?)

There is, we regret to say, in this stanza nothing to make any one vain of its authorship, *even were it original*; as it is, we are led to believe that opportune inspiration was secured from "Sheridan's Ride." The next two lines we prefer to print in plain prose, in order that they may rise to the level of mediocrity. They are,

"A thrill of horror ran through the land, at a deed we could not understand."

Entre nous, everyone must feel a mysterious thrill in contemplating this poem; it is certainly
"—A deed we cannot understand."

But don't, we beseech you, gentle reader, grow already impatient; you have heard but six verses out of sixty: Pause yet a moment to read the following lines, only stopping now and then to admire the wonderful *connection* between them:

"—Garfield is growing weaker day by day,*
After long weeks of anguish, *awful* pain (!)
The cruel wound *sapping* his life away:
Will he be numbered with the murdered slain?"

Why, yes, we fear he will. Hadn't you heard of his death in Nebraska yet?

The fact is Guiteau had read some poetry Garfield had written while at school, and—well he took the law in his own hands. If the author of the above-quoted lines be of the masculine gender, *verbum sap.*,—let him be careful; but in case it's only a black-eyed little charmer (yclept a "co-ed."), why, then, Thuthan Jane, we take it all back. You are the boss poëtess, and "don't you forget it!"

* Suggested by the following striking line:
"The President grows weaker daily."

Personal.

—Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., '64, is Master of Novices at Notre Dame, Ind.

—Rev. J. Bleckman, '67, is the energetic and popular pastor of St. Mary's Church, Delphi, Ind.

—Rev. M. Connolly, '67, is the zealous and efficient pastor of the Catholic church in Hudson, Wis.

—We are glad to see Very Rev. Father General around once more, and as active and energetic as ever.

—Robert A. Pinkerton (Com'l), '67, is distinguished as the efficient manager of Pinkerton's Detective Agency, New York.

—Signor Pio Gregori has arrived safe and sound at Bologna, Italy, after a stormy passage. He sends greetings to his Trans-Atlantic friends, whom he left to regret his too brief stay in their midst.

—Among the welcome visitors to the College during the week were, Mrs. P. L. Garrity, Chicago, Ill., who came to visit her two sons in the Minim department, and Mr. M. J. Rumely, of Laporte, Ind.

—Rev. J. Curran, '68, among his other duties, finds time to act as editorial contributor to the *Weekly Union* of New York. We congratulate the *Union* upon securing the services of the old-time friend and student of Notre Dame.

—Very Rev. Father Granger is, we are glad to say, rapidly recovering. Though still confined to his room from the effects of the accident, which proved quite serious, yet the amelioration has been so marked that we have reason to believe that before long he will be as well as ever.

—The members of the History Class who went up to Chicago to witness Irving's "Hamlet" were pleased to meet with J. Edmund Wendell, of Mackinaw Island, Mich., an old student of '53. He told them many stories of his old college days, and expressed his continued love for his *Alma Mater*, which he hopes to visit soon.

—We take this opportunity to express our acknowledgments to the gifted Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, of Philadelphia, for the beautiful poem which graces our first page, and for the many other contributions with which, from time to time, she has favored the SCHOLASTIC. May God give her health and length of days to continue her good work in the cause of Catholic literature.

—Rev. John O'Keefe, C. S. C., President of the College of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis., passed a day at Notre Dame, during the week. All his many friends—not a few of them students who, in days of yore, were directed by his disciplinary ministrations—were glad to meet him and to see him enjoying such health and strength. The College at Watertown, under his direction, has been so prosperous that the further erection of buildings has become an imperative necessity. It was this fact that occasioned his visit to his Superiors

While congratulating him upon the success which is attending his labors in the cause of education, we hope that at some future time he may spare a few hours to pay a longer visit to the "old boys."

Local Items.

—Hail, Louis!

—Skating is gone at last.

—The house was packed.

—William is the "boss" distributor.

—Lent commences next Wednesday.

—The new scenery looked immense!

—Work on Science Hall has been resumed.

—Our prophet says we'll have a spell of weather.

—The Band were out serenading on yesterday afternoon.

—“Don't bring out your candy pants or dusters just yet.”

—The old St. Cecilians were prominent in "Louis XI."

—The Philopatrians are on the look-out for "Louis XII."

—Read the advertisement of Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co.

—Messrs. Otis, Spencer and Ramsay make excellent censors.

—The Dome will be opened as soon as the weather permits.

—The Junior T. A. U. held a reunion last evening in the reading-rooms.

—The Thespian Executive Committee did their duty well at the entertainment.

—A number of our best Juniors changed their quarters this week to the Seniors.

—When are we going to have another *soirée*? Orpheonics, what are you doing?

—The ushers looked well, and bore themselves with becoming grace and dignity.

—The scenery for Louis XI was excellent, and reflected great credit upon Prof. Ackerman.

—The "Invitation or Ticket" system works well, as shown by the good order in the hall.

—Our friend John says that he thinks he'll let it grow now so that it will be ready for Commencement.

—Our friend John thinks that the cause of the peculiar sun-sets is the sun's trying to set by the standard time.

—Work on the Juniors' wing is now started in earnest. Old Science Hall will soon be removed to make place for it.

—We doubt if Washington's Birthday could have been more enthusiastically celebrated than it was at Notre Dame.

—One of our scientific students sent dismay into the hearts of the teetotalers by proving the presence of alcohol in water.

—A very interesting meeting of the Junior Branch of the T. A. U. was held in the reading-rooms on Wednesday evening.

—Bro. Albert has made a beautiful niche of rocks for the statue of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception in the Juniors' study hall.

—The directors of the Lemonnier Library return thanks to Mr. Daniel McCann, of Chicago, Ill., for four elegantly bound volumes.

—The top of the smoke stack of the steam house at Mt. St. Vincent was blown off on the night of the "big wind" (last Tuesday).

—The Orchestra beat the record on Thursday night, in the length of time consumed in "tuning up" for the first piece. Some judges say the time was 20 minutes.

—It is rumored that the acting Chaplain of the St. Joseph's mission will soon be removed. We hope the rumor is unfounded, were it only for the sake of art and literature.

—Arrangements have been made by which the Vocal Music has been organized into classes, and they are now ready to give good work. We expect to hear from them soon.

—Portraits of the Popes who have figured in the history of the Church and the world since the establishment of the University may be seen adorning one of the upper corridors.

—The 16th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on Feb. 11th. Well-written compositions were read by Masters B. B. Lindsey, F. Otis, W. McPhee, W. Devine, R. Papin, F. Garrity, and W. Stange.

—Our astrologer wants it distinctly understood that all *his* predictions for the month have been thus far verified. No living, sane, white man in this neighborhood will have the hardihood to deny that every single day in February, since the month began, has been cloudy.

—The beautiful devotion known as the "Forty Hours" will begin to-morrow morning. Flowers for the decoration of the altar have been presented by Profs. Lyons, Edwards, Kelly and O'Connor; the Society of the Guardian Angels, the Junior servers, and—though we say it ourselves—the SCHOLASTIC Staff.

—The competition for the Mason Medal is becoming exciting. The "score," up to date, stands as follows:

F. Dexter, 36; T. J. Cleary, 34; F. Hagenbarth, 34; J. McDonnell, 33; J. Monschein, 32; F. Rogers, G. Schaefer, W. Schott, 30; M. Clarke, E. Gerlach, P. Mullane, W. Mug, C. Porter, D. Taylor, 28.

—We have received a communication in regard to poetical effusions which have lately appeared in certain albums. The aforesaid communication, as it has been addressed to us personally, we cannot publish, but we wish the poets would extend their sphere of observations, and—send us an occasional contribution. And why not?

—The 8th regular meeting of the Junior Arch-confraternity was held Sunday evening, Feb. 17th. The Rev. President delivered the religious dis-

course. Masters W. Henry, G. Schaefer, and J. Devereux were appointed to read essays at the next meeting. The reports of the various officers were read, and other important business was transacted.

—The Juniors' Winter Banquet and Festival, held last Saturday evening, was, socially, a great success. The supper, which took place in the refectory, was sumptuous, and all the delicacies of the season were spread. They then repaired to the reception-rooms to join in the numerous games, quadrilles, and other amusements. A very enjoyable time was had by all.

—We would recommend that everyone, possessing a good voice, take part in the singing in the church. The Masses, and the psalms and hymns at Vespers are so simple that all can follow the guidance they have. At least the Catholic students, who realize the necessity of hearing Mass on Sunday, should take this matter to heart—for thereby they take, to a certain extent, an active part in the service itself.

—At the 22d regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society, held Saturday, Feb. 9th, the proceedings opened with a Moot Court trial of an intricate criminal case. Among those who participated the following are worthy of mention: F. Curtis, C. Mason, T. Cleary, and C. Harris. Declamations and recitations were delivered by Masters J. Garrity, Tarrant, Williamson, Crawford, Menig, Nester, and Strauss.

—We have never seen a more elegant specimen of the book-binder's craft than a copy of the newly published "Life of Haydn," that was shown to us last week by the Rev. editor of *The Ave Maria*. It is in full calf, extra gilt, with colored title-piece and delicately-marbled fly leaves. In every particular, it is richly and tastefully bound. The work was done by A. J. Cox & Co., of Chicago. We learn that the volume is intended for presentation to the author, a gifted priest of Bavaria.

—Washington's Birthday was observed with all befitting solemnity. On the eve the Thespians gave an exhibition which many an "old settler" pronounced to be "grand," and "the finest ever given at Notre Dame." Of course, the day itself was a holiday; such a thing as class was not to be thought of. The Band appeared at intervals, discoursing choice national melodies, and their soul-stirring music imparted increased life and joyousness to the pleasure of the day. In the evening the Seniors, under the direction of Bro. Paul, gave a "Sociable," which proved to be a most pleasant affair. According to programme, it was diversified as follows: (1) oyster supper; (2) calisthenic exercises; (3) ice cream refreshments; (4) retiring march, at ten. Music by the Elbel Orchestra. The early hour of going to press prevents us from giving a complete account of the proceedings. We express our thanks for the kind invitation received.

—One of our misanthropic Staff, rejoicing in the

superior quality of some late jokes in the SCHOLASTIC, has broken out into verse to this result:

"The whole world must now open its eyes
With mixed pleasure and surprise,
In our local columns at last to see
A joke not made in some year B. C.
Some *Dea ex machina*, no doubt,
Has brought assistance from without;
Has whispered to a modern Vitellius—
A terribly corpulent man, they tell us,—
Who, in turn, has whispered to his pard,
The big man of the small boys' yard;
Whose youthful pen has learned to write,
Dictated jokes in black and white.

—At the Annual Celebration of Washington's Birthday at Notre Dame University by the Thespian Association, on Thursday, February 21st, the following was the

PROGRAMME:

PART I.

National Airs.....	N. D. U. C. B.
Overture—Roman Emperor (<i>Kaula</i>).....	N. D. U. Orchestra
Song and Chorus—"O Restless Sea!".....	
Messrs. Murphy, Coll, and Ramsay.	
Oration of the Day.....	T. Ewing Steele
Address and Prologue.....	W. H. Bailey
Overture— <i>Potpourri</i> (<i>Suppé</i>).....	N. D. U. Orchestra

PART II.

"LOUIS XI."

(Arranged in Three Acts for the Thespians.)

Louis XI (King of France).....	C. A. Tinley
The Dauphin (Prince Charles).....	H. Foote
Duke de Nemours.....	O. Spencer
François de Paule.....	E. A. Otis
Philip le Comines (Historian).....	J. Solon
Armand de Comines (Philip's Son).....	W. E. Ramsay
Marcel.....	W. H. Bailey
Oliver de Dain (Prime Minister).....	D. Saviers
Jacques Coitier (Physician).....	W. Johnston
Cardinal D'Alby (Attendant to François).....	T. E. Steele
Tristan L'Ermite (Executioner).....	H. Steis
Count de Dreux.....	S. Dickerson
Montjoie.....	H. Porter
Pierrot (Attendant).....	A. A. Brown
Richard (Attendant).....	C. C. Kolars
Didier.....	W. Orchard
Officer of Royal Guard.....	T. McKinnery
Lords, French and Burgundian Knights, Pages, Peasants, etc., etc.	
After 1st Act, "Fatinitza," (<i>Suppé</i>).....	Orchestra
After 2d Act, "Dichter und Bauer" (<i>Suppé</i>)....	Orchestra

TABLEAUX.

Closing Remarks.....	Hon. Aaron Jones, of South Bend
Retiring March.....	N. D. U. C. B.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Anchondo, Ancheta, Aguilera, Baca, Bowers, Browne, Brosseau, Barron, Becerra, Bailey, V. Burke,* F. E. Burke,* J. Carroll, C. Carroll, Coll, Cartier, Jos. Cusack, Jno. Cusack, Crawford, Delaney,* Dunn, Delgado, De Groot, De Wolf, De Haven, Dickerson, Dolan, A. Dennis, Danielson, N. Ewing, Feltz, J. Fogarty, Farrell, T. Fenlon, E. Fenlon, J. Frain, P. Frain, Fox, M. Gooley, Gonser, Gonzalez, Geiser, Gutierrez, Gray, F. Gallagher, J. Gallagher, Hyde, Howard, Hetz Hamlyn, Johnston, Kelly, Kavanaugh, Kaufmann, Kolars, Kleiber, Lister, Murphy, McGinn, Morass, McErlaine, Mahon, Marquez, C. Murdock, Mittendorf, T. McNamara, J. McNamara, Jno. McCabe, McLaughlin, Mahoney, Madden, Müller, Neeson, Norfleet, G. O'Brien, Ott, O'Dea, O'Rourke, Otis, O'Kane, O'Connell, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Pour, Quinlan, Rudge, Ryan, Rogers, Reach, Riley, Solon, Shea, Steis, Slattery, Spangler, Scholfield, Steele,

Saviers, E. Smith, G. Smith, Sanchez, Tinley, J. Uranga, F. Uranga, Warner, Whalen, F. Waggoner, Warren, Wilson, Zähnle.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Borgschulze, Barnard, Barela, F. Brown, W. Baur, Breen, Cohen, D. Cartier, A. Chirhart, E. Chirhart, J. Courtney, Curtis, Chaves, Cavaroc, G. Cartier, Cleary, Costigan, Colenan, J. Devine, Dexter, Martinez, Ewing, Fitzgerald, Fehr, Fendrich, H. Foote, Finckh, Garrity, Gimbel, Grothaus, Grunsfeld, Hagenbarth, E. A. Howard, E. J. Howard, Halligan, B. Henry, J. Henry, Houlihan, Hagen, Holman, Hilliard, Hagerty, Jensch, P. Johnson, King, J. Kelly, M. Kelly, Letcher, R. Lewis, Loescher, Mulkern, Monschein, Mullane, Miller, Menig, W. P. Mahon, J. McGordon, C. McGordon, Norfolk, A. McDonnell, Marcotte, C. Metz, Murphy, Mug, Muhler, McCabe, Major, McCullough, O'Brien, Plischke, C. Porter, E. Porter, Perley, Regan, Reynolds, Ryan, Ruppe, Sedberry, L. Scheuerman, Schott, Lane, Saunders, Strauss, D. Taylor, Terrazas, G. Tarrant, Trepianer, Tewksberry, Talbot, H. Warner, P. Waggoner, W. Waggoner, Wabrushek, Wright, Williamson, Wilkes, Yrisarri, Luther.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, J. Addington, Boose, Butterfield, Benner, Crawford, Curtis, Crotty, Cole, Costigan, Cummings, M. Coad, Dirksmeyer, Devine, Devereux, Ernest, Fitzgerald, Garrity, Grunsfeld, Henry, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, Johns, Kraus, E. Kelly, Landenwisch, Lewis, B. Lindsey, C. Lindsey, Loya, M. McCourt, W. McCourt, T. McGuire, E. McGrath, W. McGill, McPhee, McVeigh, Meehan, Morrison, Morgan, F. Mullen, A. Mullen, A. Nester, Nathan, Nusbaum, O'Connor, Otis, D. Prindiville, R. Papin, V. Papin, Padden, Quinlin, Quiggle, Quill, Stange, Schmitz, Salmon, Spencer, Schoneman, Sokup, L. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Smith, Thomas, J. Uranga, West, A. Welch, Wright, Weston, Manzanares, A. Grimes, W. Grimes, Murphy, Sumner, Delaplane.

* Omitted for the last two weeks by mistake.

Class Honors.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Messrs. Carabajal, Whalen, Cussan, McErlaine, J. Waggoner, Pour, Gibert, Lucas, Scholfield, Jos. Cusack, Sykes, Gonzales, J. Manga, Marquez, J. Anchondo, Becerra, O. Spencer, Jackson, Orchard, Hausberg, J. McNamara, Kleiber, Sanchez, J. Riley, Dunn, Feltz, Halligan, Finckh, Sedberry, Schott, Hagenbarth, P. Waggoner, Schaefer, T. McGill, E. Ewing, Arnold, Martinez, E. Porter, Cavaroc, Pohl, Mahon, J. P. O'Donnell, C. McGordon, W. Manga, A. Moye, Barela, G. Costigan, W. Wright, Yrisarri, W. Murphy, Williamson, Marcotte, Houck, Houlihan, Legnard, D. Cartier, Strauss.

A Communication.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

DEAR SIR:—After a meeting of the Boat Club, which was held Thursday evening, Feb. 14, some member, other than the Corresponding Secretary, made himself officious enough to prepare and hand in to the SCHOLASTIC a report of said meeting; notwithstanding the fact that it was exceeding the authority of the writer, he had the audacity to give a false account of the election of part of the officers, and likewise considered himself competent in judging as to the selection of captains.

If the young man feels hurt because he does not hold such a position, we sympathize with him, and would wish to remind him that he has shown a lack of wisdom to have resorted to such petty means to vent his ire on those who did him no harm. To use his own beautiful expression, "On account of the injudicious selections of captains the result of the race is morally determined." It remains yet to be seen that the selections were "injudicious," and until such result is known, it would be well for our wise friend to be more discreet when laying his ideas before the public.

HENRY STEIS,
C. MURDOCK.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Miss Belle Snowhook has again this week received 100 in lessons.

—“Class Honors” are unavoidably crowded out this week. They will appear in our next report.

—On Monday, at the regular Academic reunion in the Junior department, Agnes English read “The Buckwheat,” a story by Anderson; and M. Dillon “Hope,” a poem from *The “Ave Maria.”*

—The Juniors who drew for the Roman Mosaic Cross were the Misses Bailey, Chaves, Cox, Dillon, Fehr, Helen, Ellen and Sibyl Jackson, Moshier, McEwen, Richmond, Shephard, B. Snowhook, Schmidt and Sheekey. Miss Cox was successful.

—Improvised entertainments often take place in the court of the Princesses. The Misses A. Schmauss, M. Ducey, M. Lindsey L. Johns and E. Chapin furnish the elocution, and G. Papin, B. Murray, G. Van Fleet, M. Reynolds and V. Johns do the singing.

—The readers at the regular Academic reunion were the Misses Williams and Udall. The Rev. Chaplain took occasion to commend the practice of public reading, and declared that a graceful, correct, and ready style of reading is one of the first of accomplishments.

Obituary.

The deepest sympathy and affectionate condolence are extended to the bereaved family of MR. JAMES REILLY, of Savannah, Ga., who departed to receive his reward, after a short illness, on Friday, 15th inst. His graceful congratulation addressed to Very Rev. Father General on the occasion of the late Parisian Dinner in honor of the accession of one hundred to the ranks of Notre Dame Minims will be remembered by the readers of the SCHOLASTIC. An old and tried friend of the University and the Academy, the most common sense of gratitude would call forth sorrow for his loss; but when we revert to the long and edifying Christian career just closed on earth, a broader and more poignant regret is aroused, and we not only condole with his afflicted home circle, but with the orphans, who in him have lost a tender father, and with the poor who are deprived of their best earthly friend.

Mr. Reilly was a well-known ship and cotton merchant, and one of the oldest and most highly-respected citizens of Savannah, having filled the highest offices of trust in that city for many years; but above and before all worldly honors, his Christian public spiritedness has ever shone forth in resplendent beauty. He has been the acknowledged leader of every enterprise for the advantage of re-

ligion, charity and morality; sparing neither money, influence, time nor trouble to compass the object in view. It was his custom to attend Mass, and to recite the chaplet daily, and the utmost care was bestowed by him on the Catholic training of his children. Shortly before his happy death he had attended the mission given by the Redemptorist Fathers at Savannah, and had set all things pertaining to his temporal and spiritual welfare in the most complete order. He approached the Holy Table for the last time on the Feast of the Purification, at Mount de Chantal, West Virginia, with his eldest daughter, who had that day received the veil of the Visitandine. In their memory of his love and zeal for the “honor of God’s house,” of his devotedness to every holy and pious practice, and the calm determination with which he set his influence against the tide of Godless society, his children behold their most precious legacy, and his pure and faithful soul its safe guarantee of eternal repose. On Sunday, at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, a beautiful eulogium on the virtues of the deceased was pronounced by the Rev. Chaplain. At the early Mass, out of affection for his daughter, who is still at St. Mary’s, the Catholic pupils joined her and received Holy Communion for her father. On Monday morning, Father Shortis offered a Solemn High Mass for the repose of his soul.

May he rest in peace!

Christian Manners, the Modern Truce of God.

Unmistakable and beneficent as have been the advantages conferred upon the world in the liberties secured by the laws and government of the United States, yet that there have been corresponding dangers no one will pretend to deny.

Liberty—the “liberty wherewith Christ has made us free”—is the first and most ineffable of blessings. So precious is this noble gift that millions of martyrs have counted their lives as nothing in its defence; so exalted is its nature, that the most expansive minds, from the opening of the Christian era to the present day, have spurned fortune, power, and social joys, in order to secure its complete possession. But as the lost spirit often transforms himself into an angel of light, we may repeat with poor Madame Roland: “Liberty, alas! how many crimes have been perpetrated in thy name!”

Not to make mountains of mole hills, we must admit that very grave infractions of the common rules of good manners may occur, and the perpetrators may be persons of estimable traits and worthy of sincere respect; yet, as a rule, we may say that in appearance, perhaps, but not in reality, careless, free and easy manners may rank among the lesser *crimes* committed in the name of liberty.

By free and easy manners, we mean the absence of formality and respect for the presence of others which marks the backwoods-man, or dweller on

the frontier—the liberty, which, as some one has defined it, “is the right for me to do as I please, and for *you* not to complain;” the liberty which domineers over the weak; which knows no higher tribunal than that of dishonest craft and brute force, which makes might right, shuts its eyes to suffering and misfortune, and gloats over prosperity as nothing more than its own just dues, for which no thanks are to be returned. No doubt, advantage has been taken of the liberty we enjoy, to indulge in just such license as we have delineated.

Free and easy manners are not to be admired or encouraged. They are the outgrowth of an uncultivated mind and an ill-regulated heart, and, we might add, of a soul unsubdued by grace. Delicate regard for others, readiness to observe and to contribute to their wishes—where those wishes are consistent with propriety—is a sure sign of a superior nature. The person may have been all her life a stranger to luxury and wealth, and she may never have come across a book on etiquette, nevertheless, her instincts are those of a lady; and those instincts will guide her where most any book on politeness might fail her.

“Actions speak louder than words.” If one respects herself, she will seldom, if ever, be led to show disregard for the feelings of others. The golden rule is so deeply imprinted in her heart that she always measures her conduct to others by what she would be willing to receive herself. The unfeeling fashion of some ill-bred young girls, who measure their claim to talent by their capacity for caricature and practical joking; for impudent mockery of piety, innocence, misfortune, old age, or whatever may chance to offend their crude, selfish taste, is never followed by them.

They always find themselves quite at home with the sincere, reverential and truly noble lovers of those simple Christian manners which never betray the young; or the *old*, for that matter.

In the customs of modern society, we see but the natural fruits of Godless education. The hope for the future is in Christian manners, which, regulating as they do, all the social relations of life, and, according to every rank the proper consideration, serve as a check upon the natural selfishness of the human heart. We find in them the modern “Truce of God,” which, like that of old, restrains the evil in the soul till, by inaction, it at length becomes virtually extinct.

It may not be out of place to speak of the old “Truce of God,” which may be cited as one of the grand proofs of the power exerted by Christianity to quell the brutal impulses of the unregenerate human heart.

In the year of our Lord, 1040, this institution had its origin. Of it Fredet the historian says: “From the ninth to the eleventh century the feudal system, however beautiful in some of its principles, had been a constant source of contentions and wars.” And he then proceeds to show the prudent action of the Church to prevent or mitigate the evils in question, and adds: “Several bishops ordered, under penalty of excommunication, that, every week during the four days consecrated to

the memory of our Saviour’s Passion, death, burial and resurrection,—namely, from the afternoon of Wednesday till the morning of the following Monday—whatever might be the cause of strife and quarrel, all private hostilities should cease.” Then followed prohibitions through the whole time of Advent and Lent, including several weeks after Christmas and Easter Sunday. The quotation is sufficient for our purpose, and well worthy was this institution, of France, the “Eldest daughter of the Church.” Allow us to urge the parallel upon the attention, as some may thoughtlessly disregard the beneficent restraints of Christian manners, while others wilfully despise them.

Liberty, freedom of the will, is so much a right of the human soul, that it cannot be even saved unless by its own consent. We see how God Himself respects this sovereign gift which He has bestowed upon man; but we can make use of our liberty to guide others into the straight and narrow path of life, and this is exactly what Christian manners would achieve. They would captivate the will and make it a happy prisoner of virtue; they would cause us to forget provocations to revenge; they would compel us to pass over as insignificant the petty differences which must arise in social intercourse; they would hold us back from venting our feelings upon others, and by suppressing anger, jealousy, envy, and other evil passions—to conquer them. How often do we not discover that silence and moderation have proved our best friends! Thanked, a thousand times, be the gracious restraints of noble Christian charity, the “Truce of God” in every docile heart.

M. H.

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPORTMENT, AND OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adderly, Ashton, Beal, Black, Bruhn, A. Babcock, C. Babcock, Billing, Burgher, Call, Cummings, Cirkel, Dunn, Duffield, Dowling, Evarts, B. English, L. Fendrich, Fitzpatrick, Fogerty, M. Fisk, F. Fisk, Ginz, Gove, Gavan, Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, A. Heckard, Helpling, Horn, Hale, Hetz, Johnson, Keenan, Keating, Kearns, Kearney, Kenny, King, Legnard, Lintner, Lehigh, A. Murphy, M. Murphy, McHale, McNamara, M. Mooney, McCarthy, Neu, O’Connell, R. Platte, Peak, Quill, Reilly, Ramsey, C. Rosing, A. Ryan, Reynolds, Sheekey, Sheridan, Scully, Sear, Steele, Stackerl, Todd, Tynan, Taylor. *2d Tablet*—Misses Carney, Ewing, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, Udall, Williams.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses Best, M. Chaves, Cox, Dillon, Duracher, Eldred, Fehr, H. Jackson, E. Jackson, S. Jackson, Keyes, McEwen, Moshier, Richmond, Roddin, Shephard, E. Sheekey, B. Snowhook. *2d Tablet*—Misses I. Allen, Brown, Bailey, A. Duffield, Halsey Lucas, Morrison, M. Murphy, Metz, Stumer.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

1st Tablet—Misses J. English, V. Johns, L. Johns, M. Lindsey, Paul, M. Reynolds, Schmauss. *2d Tablet*—Misses Chapin, M. Ducey, G. Papin, Murray, Van Fleet.

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W. H. LANDVOIGT.

ARNOLD & LANDVOIGT,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

470 LOUISIANA AVENUE, N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

L. S. & M. S. Railway.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 18, 1883, trains will leave South Bend, as follows:

GOING EAST:

2.04 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 9.22 a.m.; Cleveland, 1.57 p.m.; Buffalo, 7.36 p.m.

10.54 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.07 p.m.; Cleveland, 9.44 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.31 a.m.

8.41 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.17 a.m.; Cleveland, 6.37 a.m.; Buffalo, 12.46 p.m.

11.53 a.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. arrives at Toledo, 5.12 p.m.; Cleveland, 9.42 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.31 a.m.

5.54 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10.00 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.07 a.m.; Buffalo, 6.41 a.m.

GOING WEST:

2.04 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.56 a.m.; Chicago, 5.41 a.m.

4.28 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.22 a.m.; Chicago, 7.51 a.m.

7.11 a.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Laporte, 7.52 a.m.; Chicago, 10.11 a.m.

1.02 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.02 p.m.; Chesterton, 2.47 p.m.; Chicago, 4.31 p.m.

4.07 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.54 p.m.; Chicago, 7.31 p.m.

F. C. RAFF, Ticket Agt., South Bend.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l. Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

A. G. AMSDEN, Sup. W. Div., Chicago.

W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

P. P. WRIGHT, Gen'l Sup., Cleveland.

JOHN NEWELL, Gen'l M'ger, Cleveland.

The Minim Department.

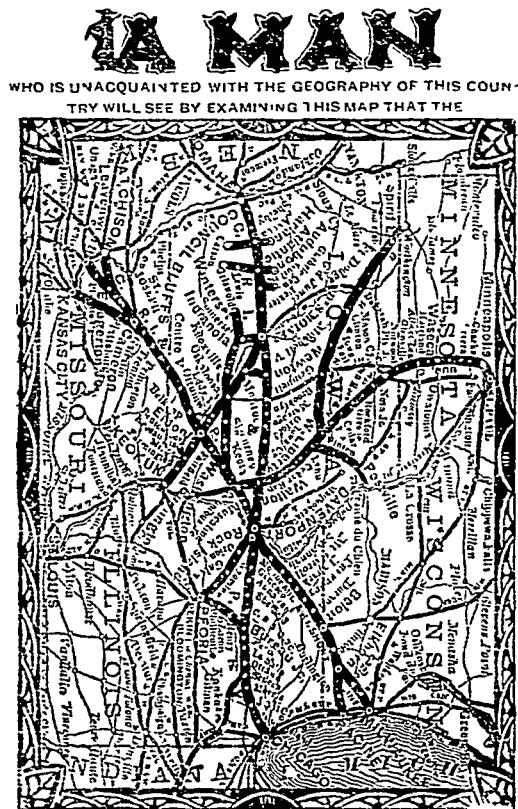
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